

THE BERKELEY GAZETTE

People of Berkeley are in a mist when they don't get the Gazette

VOLUME II.

BERKELEY, CAL., SATURDAY MAY 4, 1895.

NUMBER 12.

MAY BE A LINK

In the Chain of Evidence now

Being Woven Around Durrant

For the Murder of Minnie Williams.

A Pair of Trousers and a Vest Found Which May Be Long to Durrant.

Is It Another Link?

Chief of Police Schaffer of Oakland commenced to work last night on what he believes may be an important clew in the Durrant murder case. He says that he will know by tonight whether he can supply the missing link in the murder of Minnie Williams.

The Chief has ascertained that a package was found in the canyon, just north of Temescal, on the Fish Ranch road. The package contained a pair of trousers and vest. Schaffer believes that there is a possible chance of these being the missing clothes of Durrant, for which the police have been making such a determined search. The Chief thinks that the clew is one that is well worth working up. The clothes were neatly wrapped in a newspaper and could have been thrown into the canyon from the county road.

It will be remembered that, on the Saturday morning after the murder of Miss Williams, the National Guard Signal Corps passed through Oakland on their way to Mount Diablo. Durrant was with the party. In order to get to Mount Diablo it was necessary to take the Claremont road, passing into the east and north of Temescal. It was near this road that the mysterious package was found. There is no question but what Durrant passed over the road near the spot where the package was picked up.

The theory of Chief Schaffer is that there is not a possible chance that Durrant had the package with him and threw it away when a favorable opportunity presented itself. The package was found by a boy named Deveraux, who was passing through the canyon with a companion last Sunday. They opened it and found the clothes. In the pockets of the trousers were five nickels, a small knife and two keys. The matter was first reported to Schaffer last night and he put Detectives Shorey and Williams to work on the case at once.

The knife was secured and is now in the possession of the police. It is a speckled brown, bone-handled knife about two and a half inches long. It has two blades, the small one being broken in half. The two keys are in the possession of a young man at Temescal, and they will be secured by the police today. The clothes are at a house in Temescal, and Schaffer has made arrangements to secure them the first thing this morning. The Chief has received information that the trousers have the appearance of being washed recently.

It will be remembered that one witness testified that he saw Durrant riding down Market street on the morning that the body was discovered, and

that Durrant carried a package in his hand. It was thought that he threw the package into the bay, but it is evident that he lagged behind his companions and threw the bundle into the brush where it was found. If these clothes prove to be Durrant's it will take a very strong force of officers to keep the people from taking Durrant out of jail and hanging him.

Whist by Electricity.

The game of whist as played today varies from that of ten years ago in one particular, which deprives it of what value it ever had. To a certain extent there was a chance about it. The education in the game now is to take that away and make it a certainty as to the outcome.

A North Berkeley inventive genius has perfected a system of notification, in old times it was called "talking across the boards," by which each person can be notified of the cards held either by a partner or opponent. The present system of playing the game is to do it in a manner that all about the table can immediately be made aware of how all the cards are distributed. To a certain extent this requires memory and very close observation.

By the aid of a very light electric battery this information is conveyed to the respective players just as quick as the hands have been displayed. Calling for trumps and all of the various signs adopted to silently give information are done away with. The new telegraphic style will make the game much easier for those who were not willing to give the time and attention that the present signal system requires. The whole thing is very simple. One dry battery cell is the only part of the business that is bulky. The rest consists of No. 16 wire and four buttons.

THE Nicaraguan government has recently done away with the Mosquito reservation which has been the cause of so much trouble and have organized it into a State of Nicaragua with the name of Department of Zelaya, after the President of the Republic. This action has been officially communicated to the State Department. This action means much more than appears upon the surface, for it means that Nicaragua means to terminate all British authority or influence in the old Mosquito county. Lord Kimbley has given notice that he will give the question his kindly consideration. It had better be a kindly consideration, otherwise the United States government might take a hand and as England has had a taste of fighting in this country and found it very bitter the chances are that they will not interfere with the new State of Zelaya.

George Robert Charles Herbert, eldest son of Sidney Herbert, was born July 6, 1850, and educated at Eton. From 1867 to 1870 he traveled extensively in New Zealand, Australia and the South Seas, and, conjointly with Dr. George Kingsley, wrote "South Sea Bubbles" and "Roots." During 1874-75 he was Under Secretary for War under Disraeli, but resigned on account of ill health and since that time has not taken any prominent part in politics. He died in London yesterday.

MRS. NELLIE GRANT SARTORIS, whose engagement to General H. K. Douglas was reported a few days since, declines to affirm or deny the engagement. Mrs. Fred Grant says that Mrs. Sartoris has stated positively to all the members of her family that there is no truth whatever in the report that she was engaged to General Douglas.

The schooner George R. White was wrecked recently in Alaska and seventeen lives were lost.

Subscribe for THE GAZETTE.

The Los Angeles Express was eight hours late today and the S. P. Express two hours.

A concert will be given by the Third Berkeley Company Boys' Brigade some time in the latter part of this month or the first part of June.

The Deputy Commission of Pensions says the San Francisco office is in better shape than it has been for ten years.

The University weekly, the Occident, will be edited next year by Martin C. Flaherty, '96. Alexander McCallingh will be business manager.

Governor Budd has appointed T. J. Clunie, A. L. Hart and Harry Lauge-nour delegates to represent the State at the silver convention to be held at Salt Lake on the 15th inst.

Recognition services of Third Berkeley Company Boys' Brigade will be held in West Berkeley Presbyterian Church, corner of Bristol and Eighth streets tomorrow. All are cordially invited to be present.

President and Mrs. Kellogg have issued cards for the reception to the graduating class on Friday evening, May 10th. The baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Dr. Stebbins on the following Sunday.

The senior class of the Berkeley High School has issued invitations for a reception to be given at Shattuck hall on Friday evening, May 10th. A play will be presented and a dance will follow.

The Presbyterians of Berkeley have purchased the buildings belonging to the Episcopalians at Golden Gate and will move them to Berkeley, where they will be used as an armory for the Boys' Brigade.

The management of the Fabiola fete, which was postponed from May 1 to May 11 on account of the rain, has gone to work with a will to induce those who entered decorated carriages for the floral parade to make another display.

W. W. Foote, W. H. Mills, C. C. Allen, E. L. Conlon, F. H. Gould, P. B. Cornwall have been appointed by the Governor a committee to make such arrangements as may tend to procure the holding of the National Republican and Democratic conventions on the Pacific Coast.

The Crescent Athletic Club adopted a new emblem—an Indian club, blue, with white thread workings as the center piece and flanked by two blue wings. Above the club is a blue ribbon with the letters C. A. C. in white. On the dark sweaters to be worn by the members the colors will be the reverse of those that appear on the caps.

Another man comes to the front and says Admiral Farragut was not lashed to the rigging of the Hartford. Unfortunately this witness was on another vessel and makes a statement that might do for the marines. The facts of the case was fully stated in the GAZETTE and were given as told by the Admiral himself to the writer.

Washington telegrams are at hand stating that the cruiser Olympia will be immediately fitted out and sent to Honolulu to be used as a flagship in place of the Philadelphia now on that station. It is a question whether the government will keep a first-class vessel with the admiral of the fleet constantly at the Hawaiian Islands. The time has gone by when such an arrangement is needed. An admiral is wanted where he can be quickly reached, as the state of affairs in Central and South American States demand the immediate presence of some naval officer whom the Administration can depend upon.

Get your political printing done at the GAZETTE office with neatness and despatch and at living rates.

THE RICH ARE POOR.

Assessor Dalton in a Quandry.

The Rich People of Alameda County

Must Either Wear Paste Diamonds

Or they Swear to a Dishonest Statement as to their Real Value.

Barren Homes of Wealth.

Assessor Henry Dalton has reached the second chapter in his work on the personal property statements which have been filed with him for assessment purposes by the elite of Oakland. His further investigations have developed an even more remarkable state of affairs among the bon ton than his discovery of the absence of fine jewels, which it was supposed were in plentiful variety in the Lakeside district. There is, according to these affidavits, a lamentable lack of house furnishings in the homes of the wealthy Oaklanders. Not a few of the homes where the receptions during the social season are hailed with delight by those who joy to revel in luxurious surroundings, are supplied with only \$400 worth of household goods. This astounding revelation has fairly shocked the Assessor, who is inclined now to go behind the returns and do some estimating in his own peculiar way. One resident of the very swell section of Madison street, who dwells in one of the real mansions by the lake, has appraised his personal property at \$500. Assessor Dalton will elevate those figures higher than Gilderoy's kite. This statement, however, has many counterparts. A large number of Oakland's men of wealth cannot find more value to attach to their personal effects. Dalton states that he will try to find it for them.

In any way he looks, Dalton runs against such very peculiar features that he hardly knows where to begin. A summary of the personal property affidavits that have been filed shows only ten house-holders in the city who admit owning more than five thousand dollars worth of such effects. One woman readily comes to the front with a valuation of \$10,000. She is alone, however, and stands upon the list as the wealthiest owner of household goods in the city. All along the line the Assessor has found that he has a big piece of work before him to adjust the valuations to suit his notion of what is a fair result. He proposes, however, to do it if it takes all summer, and some of Oakland's capitalists will pay a tax on their personal property that will about cover the facts in the case.

Good For Berkeley.

Michael Heaffey was the lowest bidder on the Golden Gate sewer in the sanitary district formed for the purpose of letting out the work. There were three bidders, Cotton Bros., Williams and Bitcher and Mr. Heaffey. The bids were opened last night at Golden Gate by the Sanitary District Com-

missioners. The work will amount to upwards of \$40,000 and will naturally require the labor of a large number of men.

W. H. Bone has been endorsed for the office of Town Clerk by the executive committee of the Peoples' Party vice Waler H. Young withdrawn.

The Call says that the U. S. Government has a crane at the Mare Island Navy Yard which is "capable of performing operations of hoisting and lowering." It must be a wonderful machine.

Ex County Clerk James E. Crane has formed a partnership with Mrs. Nellie C. White. The contract was signed at the home of the bride, 559 Tenth street, Oakland, on Wednesday last. His friends were somewhat surprised when they heard the news.

J. F. Cronin, Constable for Oakland Township has been making a quiet fight for the defeat of the fee bill passed at the last Legislature. He has communicated with all the Constables in the State and the result is that \$10,000 has been raised. Ex-Supreme Justice Van R. Patterson has been retained to fight the bill in the courts, and he has given it as his opinion that the bill is not worth the paper it is written on.

It is about thirty years since the Southern rebellion was crushed out. A new generation and half of another have come into the world. They know but little of what occurred from 1861 to 1865. Something by word of mouth and more by what has been written. Noah Brook, a writer of some note, publishes in the Outing Magazine matter which is as far from the truth as can be. Thus a reputed magazine will confuse the history of that rebellion yet to be written.

Two years ago Charles E. Snook, then a Justice of the Peace, united Charles E. Wolferdingen Jr. to a sprightly Berkeley girl in the bonds of matrimony. Yesterday he appeared as Mr. Wolferdingen's attorney in an effort to break the legal knot which he himself had tied. Mr. Wolferdingen only remained with her husband two weeks after the Justice had pronounced them one, and then left for San Francisco, where, her husband alleges, she began to live a gay life.

Joseph Langley, the old man who was found lying on Sixth street, yesterday afternoon by Officer Neilsen and taken to Justice Lord's Court room, was examined by the court and committed to the County Jail for five days. If no other good comes from it he will have a chance to recuperate his system and once more go along in the world with a chance to earn a living.

While the Call promises to be progressive it must do something more than the head line business. There has been a great improvement in the paper since Mr. Shortridge has obtained control. At the same time there are letters on the wall which plainly tell that blowing one's own trumpet does not drown the sounds of others which may be carried on the breeze. Its kindly feelings as a support of the country press does not pay bills. With good wishes for the paper it must not believe itself infallible. Can this go in as the "Spirit of the press?"

Ryland B. Wallace will be appointed Code Commissioner in place of R. Y. Hayne. This young man is a graduate of the University of California and has the reputation of being well up in the vocation he has chosen. The appointment of young men for positions of this kind has the merit of possibly obtaining a working power, but it is not possible to get that good judgment which maturity brings.

GAZETTELETS.

Judge Lord reports the amount of his fees for the month of April to be \$54.

John E. Boyd has secured a position as a writer on the new evening Berkeley paper. Occasionally he can be found at the depot.

Mary A. McIntosh of Golden Gate does not want to live with her husband any longer and is now getting the law to aid her in the separation.

John H. Wise, collector of the San Francisco Custom House, has gone East on private business.

Utah constitutional convention has about concluded its labors and will adjourn in a few days. It is now making a clean up of its business.

A Spanish gunboat has been detained in Florida waters for not paying attention to the quarantine law. More pen and ink trouble.

China has yielded to the demands of Japan in its treaty arrangements and now what is Russia going to do about it.

Rates for passengers to Oregon have been raised by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company from \$12 to \$15. No difference in monopolies.

The house fly is said to make 600 strokes per minute with its wings, the dragon fly 1500 minutes and the flea 1,000,000.

The grand jury of San Francisco has investigated the mountain of iniquity called the ferry foundation scandal and find that it is only a mole hill, and very diminutive at that.

William and Emma Fairclough have sold to John M. Owens, lot 6 and north half of lot 7, block 28, Westworth Boot and Shoe Company's tract.

The preliminary survey of the Valley road from Stockton to the Stanislaus river follows pretty closely the Homer survey. Now there will probably be a condemnation suit of some of the lands. This will take time.

J. F. Johnson better known to old Californians as "Quartz" Johnson from his connection with the old Fremont claims in Mariposa, died at Couthville yesterday at the advanced age of 80 years.

The fees in the last case which N. J. Brittan had tried about his 120 shares of stock of the bank of California amounted to over \$850. This is the third trial and Brittan has lost every time.

Governor Budd is somewhat exercised about appointing a State Board of Health. It may be a delicate and perhaps hard work to make the appointment, but how about making the Board attend to its legitimate business after it is appointed.

While digging for clams yesterday an old man unearthed an old Spanish sword well eaten into by rust. It was found near the line of University avenue, on the south side. The old fellow said he would send it to the University.

Eugene Kelley left an estate which has been valued by surveyors to be worth over \$358,000. All of this is property within the city and county of San Francisco. He was a partner of J. A. Donohoe, recently deceased. Both of these gentlemen were at one time engaged in commercial business in the bay city.

Assessor William H. Dalton is looking after all property that should be on the assessment rolls. He has an idea that owners of jewelry have failed to make the proper showing. It is dangerous ground to tread for all that glitters is not gold. However, Dalton is on the right track and while attempting to unearth one thing may strike a blind lead that will prove to be rich.

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SATURDAY, [MAY 4, 1895]

BERKELEY PARKS.

Berkeley is a beautiful city but it should be made far more beautiful, and this can be done by having some public parks. At present there is not a single park in the city for a stranger to observe or rest in, nor is there a single hydrant or fountain where the stranger within our gates can quench his thirst. This is all wrong and should be remedied at once. Land is cheap now and a plaza in different parts of the city could be procured at very small expense. Now is the time to procure it, and to commence to beautify the parks so that there may be some place for the people to pass away a pleasant hour or two. The land could be purchased on the installment plan, and the amount paid each month would never be noticed. There should be a park in North, East, and West Berkeley, and one at Lorin. In a couple of years these parks would be things of beauty and would be a splendid advertisement for Berkeley. We have a good government club in nearly all parts of the town and we believe they should take the matter in hand and push it so that by next spring there would be a fair start made on all parks.

There has many a man been relegated to oblivion by writing letters and now it looks very much as though Grover Cleveland is writing himself into oblivion. In a letter to Governor Stone of Mississippi he starts in by scoring all Democratic office holders who are in favor of the free coinage of silver and says that they shall be summarily dealt with. He then goes on to state that his fellow citizens of the South must be out of their minds to even think of having free silver, when, as they do now, they have to exchange their products in the English markets for gold. He says further: "If there are Democrats who suppose that our party can stand on a platform embodying such a doctrine, either through its affirmative strength or through the perplexity of our opponents on the same proposition, or if there are Democrats who are willing to turn their backs upon their party associations in the hope that free and unlimited and independent coinage of silver can win a victory without the aid of either party organization, they should deceive themselves no longer, nor longer refuse to look in the face the results that will follow the defeat if not the disintegration of the Democratic party upon the issue which tempts them from their allegiance." The silver party will win without any suggestions from Mr. Cleveland, and as far as the disintegration of the Democratic party, he himself has split the party into so many fragments that it never can get together again. Had we a free and unlimited coinage of silver the country would be prosperous and the people would be contented. Even when we had only the Sherman act the country was prosperous, but upon the repeal of that law the country went to the demnition bowwows, and want stares nearly two thirds of the population in the face. Every good, thinking Democrat and Republican should make it an issue that their party put a solid silver plank in their platform. If they do not why then vote with the party that does.

There is now no possible doubt of the guilt of that arch fiend, Theodore Durrant, and it is hoped that he will be given a speedy trial and that the Court will lose no time in sentencing him to be hung. When the death sentence is passed all his brazenness will pass away and he will be an abject coward and he will cringe and quail at every sound believing that it is his death knell. The strongest evidence that has yet been brought against him was given yesterday by Adolph Offenheimer, a second hand

dealer on Dupont street, who testified that between the fourth and sixth of April Durrant came to his store and wanted to sell him a small diamond ring, but he refused to buy it as it was too small and when new could not have been worth more than 25c. He identified Durrant and also the ring which proved to be one of those that was worn by Blanche Lamont upon the day she went with Durrant to her death. The witness was positive that Durrant was the man who visited his store and offered to sell him the ring. Durrant showed no uneasiness when this damaging testimony was given against him which shows that he is indeed a human monster.

AS THE Southern Pacific takes a great deal of money out of Berkeley every month, not one dime of which ever comes back in the ways of improvements or otherwise, would it not be well for our citizens to request this company to erect a drinking fountain at the East Berkeley station so that the travelling public might have a chance to quench their thirst. If the company will not do this, then have the Board of Trustees pass an ordinance compelling them to have a hydrant and cup in every station within the limits of Berkeley. It is a shame that people have to wait at the different stations for water and then when they board the train fail to get any until they get on the boat as there is no water in the cars either. This company should be compelled to give the traveling public some comforts, and especially water which is at present very cheap.

FLOUR is to follow oil, beef and wheat in the plunge for higher prices if certain millers have their way. The United Millers' Association are in session in Chicago today and their idea is to limit the production, secure control of the spring wheat crop and force prices higher. They have already made an advance of 20 cents per barrel of flour. There could be no objections to the raise in the price of flour if the farmer participated in the raise or if the employees of the mill received their share of the raise. This is not the case, however. The farmer has got to sell his wheat to the combine because there is no one else to sell to. By closing down all but a few mills hundreds of men will be thrown out of employment and those who are left will have to work for less wages. This has proved to be the case in every combine that has ever been made and it is only done to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer.

At the treasury in Washington the report of yesterday says there is on hand to the credit of the gold reserve \$91,292,624. This is an increase of late of nearly a million dollars.

NOTICE.

Parties so desiring can always call up the GAZETTE by telephone. Telephone No. 33, six bells, West Berkeley. The office in East Berkeley will for the time being be located in the same office with the Western Union Telegraph Company.

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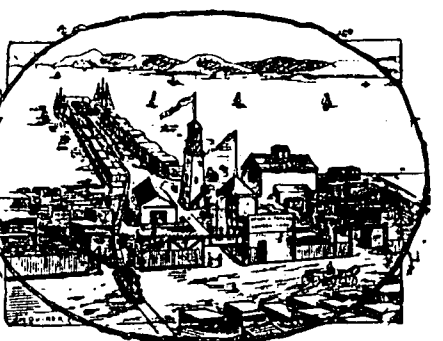
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UP HILL.

Does the road wind up hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long
day?
From morn to night, my friend.
But is there for the night a resting place,
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin?
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.
Shall I meet other wayfarers at night,
Those who have gone before?
Then must I knock or call with no sign?
They will not keep you standing at the door.
Shall I find comfort, travel sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who come.
—New York Ledger.

THE YOUNG SEIGNEUR.

His chief occupation in the daytime was to stand on the bench by the small barred window and watch the pigeons on the roof and in the eaves of the hospital opposite. For five years he had done this, and it was the one thing in his whole life during that time which had a charm for him. Every change of weather and season was registered there as plainly as if he could see the surface of the world. In the summer the slates seemed to have a great fire beneath them, for a quivering hot air rose up from them, and the pigeons never alighted on them save in the early morning or in the evening. Just over the peak of the roof could be seen the topmost branch of an oak, too slight to bear the weight of the pigeons, but the eaves under the projecting roof were dark and cool, and there his eyes rested when he tired of the hard blue sky and the glare of the roof. He could also see the top of the hospital windows, barred up and down, but never anything within, for the windows were ever dusty, and all was dark beyond. But now and then he heard bitter cries coming through one open window in the summer time, and he listened to them grow fainter and fainter, till they sank to a low moaning and then ceased altogether.

In winter the roof was covered for months by a blanket of snow, which looked like a shawl of impacted wool, white and restful, and the hospital windows were spread with frost. But the pigeons were the same—almost as gay and walking on the ledges of the roof or crowding on the shelves of the lead pipes. He studied them much, but he loved them more. His prison was less a prison because of them, and in the long five years of expiation he found himself more in touch with them than with the wardens of the prison or any of his companions.

With the former he was respectful, and he gave them no trouble at all. With the latter he had nothing in common, for they were criminals, and he—had he blundered when wild and mad with drink, so wild and mad that he had no remembrance, absolutely none, of the incident by which Jean Vigot lost his life. He remembered that they had played cards far into the night; that they had quarreled, then made their peace again; that the others had left; that they had begun playing cards and drinking again, and then all was blurred, save for a vague recollection that he had won all the money Vigot had and had pocketed it. Then came a blank. He waked to find two officers of the law beside him, and the body of Jean Vigot, stark and dreadful, a few feet away.

When the officer put their hands upon him, he shook them off. When they did it again, he would have fought them to the death had it not been for his friend, tall Medallion, who laid a strong hand on his arm and said, "Steady, Converse, steady!" and he had yielded to the firm, friendly pressure.

Medallion had left no stone unturned to clear him at the trial, had himself played detective unceasingly, but the hard facts remained there, and on a chain of circumstantial evidence Louis Converse, the young seigneur, was sent to prison for ten years for manslaughter. That was the compromise effected. Louis himself had said only that he didn't remember, but he could not believe he had committed the crime. Robbery? He shrugged his shoulders at that. He insisted that his lawyer should not reply to the insulting and foolish suggestion.

But the evidence had shown that Vigot had all the winnings when the other members of the party left the two, and this very money had been found in Louis' pocket. There was only Louis' word that they had played cards again. Answer? Possibly. Louis could not remember, though he knew they had quarreled. The judge himself, charging the jury, said that he never before saw a prisoner so frank and outwardly honest, but warned them that they must not lose sight of the crime itself, the taking of a human life, whereby a woman was made a widow and a child fatherless.

And so with the few remarks the judge sentenced the young seigneur to ten years in prison, and then himself, shaken and pale, left the courtroom hurriedly, for Louis Converse's father had been his friend from boyhood.

Louis took his sentence calmly, looking the judge squarely in the eyes, and when the judge stopped he bowed to him, turned to the jury and said: "Gentlemen, you have ruined my life. You don't know, and I don't know, who killed the man. You have guessed, and I take the penalty. Suppose I'm innocent. How will you feel when the truth comes out? You've known me more or less these 30 years, and you've said with no more knowledge than I've got that I did this miserable thing. I don't know but that one of you did it, but you are safe, and I take my ten years."

He turned from them, and as he did so he saw a woman looking at him from a corner of the courtroom with a strange, wild expression. At the moment he saw no more than an excited, bewildered face, but afterward this face came and went before him, flashing in and out of dark places in a mocking

sort of way. As he went from the courtroom another woman made her way to him in spite of the guards. It was the little chemist's wife, who years before had been his father's housekeeper, who had been present when he first opened his eyes on the world.

"My poor boy! My poor boy!" she said, clasping his manacled hands. He kissed her on the cheek, without a word, and hurried on into his prison, and the good world was shut out. In prison he refused to see all visitors, even Medallion, the little chemist's wife, and the good Father Fabro. Letters, too, he refused to accept and read. He had no contact, wished no contact, with the outer world, but lived his hard, lonely life by himself, silent, brooding, studious, for now books were to him a pleasure. And he wrote, too, but never to any soul outside the prison. This life had nothing to do with the world from which he came, and he meant that it should not.

So perfect a prisoner was he that the wardens protected him from visitors, and he was never but once or twice stared at, and then he saw nothing, heard nothing. He had entered his prison a wild, excitable, dissipated youth, and he had become a mature, quiet, cold, brooding man. Five years had done the work of 20. He lived the life of the prison, yet he was not a part of it, nor yet was he a part of the world without. And the face of the woman who looked at him so strangely in the courtroom haunted him now and then, so that at last it became a part of his real life, which was lived largely at the window, where he looked out at the pigeons on the roof of the hospital.

"She was sorry for me," he said many a time to himself. He was sorry for himself, and he was shaken with misery often, so that he rocked to and fro as he sat on his bed, and a warden heard him cry out even in the last days of his imprisonment, "O God, cause thou to do everything but speak?" And again, "That hour, the memory of that hour, in exchange for my ruined life!"

But there were times when he was very quiet and calm, and he spent hours in watching the ways of the pigeons, and he was doing this one day when the jailer came to him and said: "M. Converse, you are free. The governor has cut off five years from your sentence."

Then he was told that people were waiting without—Medallion and the little chemist and his wife and others more important—but he would not go to meet them, and he stepped into the old world alone at dawn the next morning and looked out upon a still, sleeping town. And there was no one stirring in the place, but suddenly there stood before him a woman, who had watched by the prison gates all night, and she put out a hand in entreaty and said, with a breaking voice, "You are free at last!"

He remembered her—the woman who had looked at him so anxiously and sorrowfully in the courtroom. He looked at her kindly now, yet he was dazed, too, with his new advent to freedom and the good earth.

"Why did you come to meet me?" he asked.

"I was sorry for you," she replied.

"But that is no reason."

"I once committed a crime," she whispered, with shrinking bitterness.

"That's bad," he said. "Were you punished?"

She shook her head and answered, "No."

"That's worse," he added.

"I let some one else take my crime upon him and be punished for it," she said, an agony in her eyes.

"Why was that?" he said, looking at her intently.

"I had a little child," was her reply.

"And the other?"

"He was alone in the world," she said.

A bitter smile crept to his lips, and his eyes were all afire, for a strange thought came to him. Then he shut his eyes, and when he opened them again discovery was in them.

"I remember you now," he said. "I remember I waked and saw you looking at me that night! Who was the father of your child?" he asked eagerly.

"Jean Vigot," she replied. "He left me to starve."

"I am innocent of his death!" he said quietly and gladly.

She nodded. He was silent for a moment.

"The child still lives?" he asked.

She nodded again. "Well, let it be so," he added. "But you owe me five years and a lost reputation."

"I wish to God I could give them back," she cried, tears streaming down her cheeks. "It was for my child, he was so young!"

"It can't be helped now," he said, and he turned away from her.

"Won't you forgive me?" she asked bitterly.

"Won't you give me back those five years?" he replied meaningly.

"If the child did not need me, I would give my life," she answered. "I owe it to you." Her haggard, hunted face made him sorry. He, too, had suffered.

"It's all right," he answered gently. "Take care of your child."

And again he moved away from her and went down the little hill with a cloud blue from his face that had rested there five years. Once he turned around. The woman was gone, but over the prison a flock of pigeons were flying. He took off his hat to them. Then he went through the town looking neither to right nor left and came to his own house, where the summer morning was already entering the open window, though he had looked to find the place closed and dark. The little chemist's wife met him in the doorway. She could not speak, nor could he, but he kissed her as he had done when he went condemned to prison. Then he passed on to his own room, and entering sat down before the open window and peacefully drank in the glory of a new world. But more than once he choked down a sob that rose in his throat.—Gilbert Parker in New York Herald.

SO MANY THINGS I DO FORGET.

So many things I do forget,
And faint would I remember
Bright things, glad things, my footsteps met
Before they touched December,
But the time where my childhood learned its
songs.
And the trees where my father set them,
And the brook and the bank where the pine
belongs,
I never can forget them.

So many things I do forget,
And faint would I remember,
Bright things, wise things, my footsteps met
Before they touched December,
But the friends of childhood's long ago,
By the mountain light their names shall glow
Forever and forever.

So many things I have forgot,
Nor wish I to remember,
Sad things, hard things, I tell them not
To April or December,
But the rivet of the mountain wood,
And the scarlet plums behind them,
Would I forget them if I could,
Forgetting who could find them.

So many things we do forget,
And faint would I remember,
Era foot that danced the minuet
Have walked to slow December,
But the songs that silent lips have sung
Our memories silhouette them.
We sing them over. We are young
And never can forget them.

—Julia H. May in Boston Journal.

MAN IN THE MOON.

It was the last day of the late great frost, and, unmindful of my 50 odd years, I undertook to skate 20 miles or so along the frozen Lea. When I returned home, I was tired—so tired that scarcely was I seated in my armchair when I found myself nodding, and undoubtedly I should have fallen asleep had not an exceedingly strange circumstance happened.

To be brief, then, I was lifted from my chair in my home in north London, whirled through space for a couple of hours and then deposited gently but firmly on the moon.

Scarcely had I recovered my breath when an aged man of venerable aspect, whom I at once recognized as the man in the moon, approached me and inquired my business. I explained that I was an involuntary trespasser on his hospitality, and then, thinking as I was there I might as well learn something about the history of our satellite and its inhabitants—supposing there were any—I proceeded as respectfully as might be to question the old fellow.

"Yes; you are right," he exclaimed in answer to my query as he placed the load of fagots he was carrying on a projecting mass of granite and rested his back against the cone of an extinct volcano. "I have seen a lot of changes in my time. How old am I? Well, I don't know exactly, but it is some millions of years ago since my first birthday."

"Why, bless my heart, when I was a lad, this old dried up moon was as bright and fresh as your earth is now."

"Seas sparkled in the sunlight, brooks gleamed and flashed through the valleys and forests clothed with verdure the mountains now dead and silent. Aye, these were glorious times. The birds sang in the woods from early dawn to nightfall, the fishes leaped and plashed and leaped and plashed again in every eddy and pool of our prehistoric rivers. Great mammals, some uncouth and some beautiful, but mostly the latter, roamed at will amid the glades of our mighty forests. Then, after a million years or so, man came."

"Man?" I repeated incredulously.

"Yes, man," he reiterated rather testily. "Man, of course. Do you think your earth alone has been the home of man? I tell you he lived and flourished here while the earth was yet formless and void, a vast white hot mass of semi-fluid granite. At first he was weak for lack of knowledge, and fought—often unsuccessfully—with the wild beasts of the forests for food and drink and raiment. Then as he grew older he grew wiser and carved for himself weapons of flint and wood, just as the earth man did a million or two years afterward."

Our lunar men were very clever, too—very clever. Not so large or so strong as terrestrial man, perhaps, but quicker to learn. Why, it did not take us more than 200,000 years to perfect our civilization."

"And what happened then?" was my next query.

"Ah, there you have asked a question hard to answer," quoth the old man sadly. "All I know is that one year there came a blight over all things. It was not exactly a plague. It was rather a want of vitality in the atmosphere that reacted with terrible effect on all animate nature. Man, being the most highly organized of all things living, was the first to feel its baneful effects, and he dwindled and pined and finally perished, and the places that had been wont to know him knew him no more forever."

"Then as the sunny atmosphere grew more and more attenuated the mammals first and afterward every form of animal life grew cold and dead. The lowest forms of plant life lingered for a few thousand years longer, until the last drop of water had evaporated into space, in fact, and then they, too, vanished, and the moon was left as you see it today, a dead world, without heat, atmosphere or moisture."

"A sad fate surely, but you must have become resigned," I said soothingly, for the old man was sighing heavily and gazing fixedly into space as though he saw again the lost visions of lone lives he had been describing.

"No, I am not resigned," and he shook his head slowly from side to side. "Both myself and my sister look forward to better times to come."

"Your sister?" I exclaimed wonderingly. "I was not aware—"

"That I had a sister?" he interrupted.

"Oh, yes, I have, but I forgot! Of course you have never seen her. She lives on

the side of the moon opposite to the earth, amid mountains and valleys, upon whose bold outlines no earthly eye has ever gazed. It is by far the best side of the moon, too, but she is getting rather tired of living there and talks about changing places with me. I expect you would be rather surprised down below there if some fine day—or night, rather—you found a woman in the moon instead of a man. Ha, ha, ha!" and forgetful of his recent fit of the blues the old chap gave vent to a hearty guffaw.

"We should indeed," I replied, laughing in my turn, "although I fancy, unless your sister's appearance differs in a marked degree from your own, that we should scarcely be able to distinguish the difference. You must admit yourself that one must possess good eyesight to tell a man from a woman 240,000 miles away."

"Oh, but," answered the old man, with a touch of family pride, "she is a fine woman! Not bent and bowed with age like me. Indeed she is really 6,000,000 years younger than am I. Then, of course, she dresses in—"

"The habiliments suitable to her sex," I ventured to say.

"Precisely, and, like all the women here, is fond of dress. Why, when I last visited her, some 25,000 years ago, almost her first question was, 'How do the women dress now on the earth?' Of course there wasn't much to tell her because—well, the women of that day didn't trouble themselves much about dress, but I am thinking of paying her another visit soon, and then I shall have a different budget of news for her."

"But tell me," I interrupted, for I was not much interested in the old fellow's sister, "something about the earth. You must have seen almost as great changes in the earth as in the moon."

"Almost," was the answer, "but not quite. My world is cold and dead. Yours is still alive, as was mine once, but your turn will come some day, and then we shall both go circling through space, cold, silent and lifeless. But that," he continued, "will be many millions of years from now, almost as many millions as it is since I first set eyes on your planet. Then, as I said before, it was a mere mass of molten matter—a vast white hot ball whirling round the sun and carrying me with it. I remember as though it were yesterday the first beginning of earthly life. At first the seas covered everything, and beautiful specimens of marine flora floated everywhere upon the surface of the water, while in its translucent depths fishes of strange form and glorious coloring sported themselves. Then the dry land began to appear, and by slow degrees the great forests that shrouded as with a mantle all the earth not covered by the waters. For millions of years what you are pleased to call the lower animals were the only denizens of their somber depths, and even after man came it was hundreds of thousands of years before he even partially dominated the face of nature."

"But was there not," I asked, "an ice age?"

"A what?" he exclaimed, with a puzzled expression of countenance.

"An ice age," I repeated. "A period of time when the ice, which, as you are aware, is always present at the poles, spread northward and southward until it enveloped almost the entire globe."

"Oh, yes," responded mine host, with the air of a man trying to recall some long forgotten and altogether trivial incident. "I believe something of the kind did happen, and not more than 100,000 or 150,000 years ago either. But it only lasted about 20,000 years, and I had quite forgotten all about it until you mentioned it."

This concluded the interview, for although I would have liked to have pursued my inquiries further the old chap suddenly snatched up his bundle, bent his back and resumed his orthodox position, at the same time indicating by a gesture that he was not inclined for any further conversation. "We are right over Greenwich observatory," he explained in answer to my look of surprise, "and I don't want the astronomers there to see me without my bundle and talking to a stranger too. It isn't respectable."—London Amusing Journal.

Paper Money and Disease.

There is no place in the world where more dirty paper money is handled from day to day than in the national bank redemption division of the treasury department. There are in existence some 8,500 national banks, each of which has outstanding bank notes ranging in amount from \$10,000 or \$12,000 up to nearly \$500,000. Every dollar of these notes passes through the hands of the men and women employed in the national bank redemption division. This office has been in existence now for about 80 years. There are employed in the division somewhere about 25 girls and women. They handle "untold millions" of bills in the course of a year, and if there was any danger from contagious and infectious diseases in old bank notes it would seem as though this would be the place to find symptoms.

Yet Mr. Rogers, who has been chief of the division for ten years, and who has been connected with it since it was organized, assured the correspondent that there has never been a case of infectious or contagious disease contracted by one of the employees of his office. Every one of them handles the bills sent in for redemption. They are counted and sorted time after time. They are the dirtiest specimens of money to be found in the country.—Rochester Post-Express.

Looking Forward to the Chase.

"You ought to take some rest," said the sympathetic friend. "Can't you go fishing or something like that?"

"Well," replied Mr. Weary, "I'm going duck hunting pretty soon."

"Where?"

"Up on F street. My wife has seen a duck of a bunnet that I have to go in pursuit of."—Washington Star.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR TRUSTEE
SEVENTH WARD

M. J. ACTON.

Regular Nominee Non Partisan Convention.

FOR TRUSTEE
SIXTH WARD

BYRON E. UNDERWOOD,

Independent Taxpayers' and Non-Partisan Nominee

FOR TRUSTEE
SEVENTH WARD

JOHN J. HIGGINS.

SAMUEL HEYWOOD

Prohibition and Taxpayers' Nominee

TRUSTEE 7TH WARD.

FOR ASSESSOR

TOWN OF BERKELEY

ISAAC W. WELLS

(PRESENT INCUMBENT.)

FOR TOWN MARSHAL,

J. W. STRIKER,

Regular Nominee of the Non-Partisan Convention.

ELECTION, MAY 13, 1895.

FOR TOWN CLERK,

CHAS. W. GOMPERTZ,

Regular Nominee of the Non-Partisan Convention.

ELECTION, MAY 13, 1895.

M. L. HANSCOM

Announces himself as a

Candidate for Town Clerk.

JOHN SQUIRES

Hereby announces himself as a candidate for the office of

TOWN TREASURER.

You'll have a Fit

AND BE SATISFIED

If you have your Clothes made by

Brown & McKinnon

THE FASHIONABLE TAILORS

OF OAKLAND

Finest Workmanship. Perfect Fitting.

Lowest Prices.

Finest System of Cutting on the Coast.

Samples and Infallible Rules for Self-Measurement sent free.

BROWN & McKINNON, Merchant Tailors

EAST SIDE OF BROADWAY

Near 11th Street, OAKLAND.

THE C. WAGNER.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bank Building, Berkeley, Cal.

Telephone No. 8, Five bells.

A. DE MARCONNAV, M. D.

Hours: 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Office and Residence 840 University Avenue Opposite Sistera Hall, West Berkeley, Cal.

TOWN OFFICERS:

TRUSTEES—W. C. Jones, M. J. Acton, N. T. Whiting, F. Stubenrauch, Charles Hadlen.

SCHOOL DIRECTORS—G. M. Robertson, P. R. Boone, J. W. Richards, B. F. Bergen, H. W. Taylor, Ed. F. Niehaus.

CLERK—C. S. Preble.

ATTORNEY—Thos. F. Graber.

MARSHAL—J. W. Striker.

ASSESSOR—I. W. Wells.

ENGINEER—Charles I. Huggins.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE—E. H. Shaw, East Berkeley; C. R. Lord, West Berkeley.

CONSTABLES—T. G. Botherton, East Berkeley; Con. Newell, West Berkeley.

GAZETTELETS.

Call on E. H. Driggs for your oil and gasoline stoves. He will suit you in prices.

If you want a nice suit of clothes call on Mikkelsen & Berry, 2124 Center street, Berkeley. All kinds of repairing done.

If you want window glass of any size, numbers, lawn mowers, any kind of outlay, in fact for anything in the hardware line, call upon SCHMITT & ZEINER in Shattuck Block, and you can get them to suit.

Get your watches, clocks and jewelry repaired at R. A. Curry's, formerly Scott's 2124 Center street, Berkeley. Diamonds, watches and jewelry of all kinds on hand. Work guaranteed.

Madame Kohne, midwife and ladies' nurse, has removed from 1912 Fifth street, to Eighth street, between University avenue and Addison street.

Call at the Dwight Way Station Barber Shop, near Shattuck avenue. First-class attendance.

FRED. CHAMPAGNE,

2113 Dwight Way.

OFFICE OF THE

Assessor of Alameda County.

Poll Tax Notice.

OAKLAND, March 4, 1895.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the State Poll Tax of Two Dollars for the year 1895 is now due and payable at my office, Room 1, Court House, or to a deputy assessor.

Sec. 3839 of the Political Code reads as follows:

Every male inhabitant of the State, over twenty-one and under 60 years of age, except paupers, insane persons and Indians, not taxed, must annually pay a poll tax of two dollars, provided the same be paid between the first Monday in March and the first Monday in July, then it shall be three dollars.

Sec. 3846 of the Political Code makes it the duty of the Assessor to "demand Poll Tax of every person liable therefor, and on the neglect or refusal of such persons to pay, he must collect by seizure and sale of any personal property owned by such person."

Under sections 429 to 434 every person who refuses to give his own name or the name of any person in his employ, or who in any manner obstructs the Assessor or any of his deputies in the collection of the State Poll Tax, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to a fine of \$500 or imprisonment in the County Jail, or both such fine and imprisonment.

Only those persons under twenty-one of over sixty years of age are exempt. Poll Tax must be paid on demand.

Henry P. Dalton,

Assessor of Alameda County.

OFFICE OF THE

Assessor of Alameda County.

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS.

OAKLAND, March 4, 1895.

ALL PERSONS, firms, company, corporations and associations are required to deliver at the Assessor's office, at the Court House, City of Oakland, County of Alameda, immediately, a statement under oath of all property, both real and personal, owned, or claimed by him, her or them, or in their possession or held in trust for others, at 12 o'clock meridian on the FIRST MONDAY IN MARCH, 1895, in accordance with the constitution.

Refusal or neglect to make a sworn statement of all the property owned or held in trust, will subject the person so refusing or neglecting to make such sworn statements to the full penalty of the law—one hundred dollars fine and guilty of a misdemeanor.

All persons owning real estate that has heretofore been assessed in the wrong name on the real estate assessment book, or who have purchased real estate within the last year, are requested to appear with their deeds, at the Assessor's office, and have the proper changes made for the year 1895. Immediate attention is necessary, as work on the book has already been commenced.

Proper blanks may be obtained at the Ass

A CAT AND DOG TEASER.

The scheme of an Orange County Man With a Pail of Milk and an Electric Battery.

"I've got a great scheme," said an ingenious Orange county man. "There's no patent on it either. It is just a cat and dog teaser; and it beats anything I ever saw for the purpose. I got an old stove pipe and laid it on the ground near the back door. Then I put a wooden bucket of milk on the zinc. In the kitchen I've got a battery of two gallon cells and a 4 inch coil, with a vibrating circuit breaker. One wire is connected to the zinc plate, and the other terminates in a piece of metal in the milk. You just ought to see the effect. A cat comes along, smells the milk and goes for it. She just touches the milk with her whiskers and looks puzzled when the slight, tingling shock is felt. Then she returns to the attack and touches her tongue to the surface of the milk. Her hair rises then, and she emits a yowl of rage or pain as she springs away from the pail and then turns to look back at it. I have seen the same cat take two shocks within as many minutes and then act as if she wanted to try it again, but didn't dare to.

"With dogs it is different. The dog steps upon the zinc, lops his long tongue into the milk and then throws a back somersault. He wants no more after that, but tucking his tail between his legs streaks out of the yard as quickly as possible. If you want to try it, you needn't use a whole pail of milk. Just take a crockery dish, and it will answer just as well. Milk is cheap up our way, you know, and I took the first thing that came handy."—New York Sun.

The First Will.

Wills were at first oral, as were also gifts of lands, and were only morally binding on the survivors. Origen and other fathers of the early church credited Noah with having made a will, and in the fourth century the bishop of Brescia declared all those heretical who denied Noah's division of the world to his three sons by will. The oldest known wills are those of Egypt. Both oral and written wills not infrequently contained imprecations on those who should neglect them.

The earliest written will in existence is that of Sennacherib, which was found in the royal library of Konyunjik. There is a great sameness about our own royal wills. They mainly relate to beds, bedding, clothes, personal ornaments, gold and silver cups and payments for masses, and are generally as prosaic as one could contrive. —Westminster Review.

Why Boston People Wear Spectacles.

Here in Boston the normal condition is spectacles, and those who don't wear eyeglasses for one or the other, "seeing or reading," are the glorious exception. So prevalent is this misfortune—for it can be called nothing else—oculists have been known to say that even the very babies should be born in spectacles. Whether it is the effect of the New England climate on the optic nerve or just plain heredity no one knows. Astigmatism exists, as every one is aware, and in spite of all precautions increases in Boston to a fearful extent. —Boston Herald.

The Correct Thing.

She (from the newspaper)—Colorado makes failure to support a wife a misdemeanor.

He (seriously)—I should think it would be a misdemeanor. —Detroit Free Press.

They are going to have an ordinance in Oakland requiring all of the telegraph poles to be numbered and the owners name placed upon them.

Carlton W. Greene, son of Judge Greene of Oakland, has been appointed a deputy district attorney by Mr. Charles E. Snook.

The weather is still threatening.

Leave your orders for the Berkeley Steam Laundry at Kelsey's Drug Store.

CASH GROCERY STORE.

DANIEL PUGAN, Proprietor.
Corner Third and Rose Sts, Berkeley.
—DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF—

Fresh & Choice Groceries

A First-class Bar in Connection with the store.

NOTICE.

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Co-partnership hereto existing between Edward Brennen and Hugh McDonald and this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing debts to said co-partnership to be paid to Edward Brennen, who will continue the business of the firm to-wit: The Grocery Business, near the northeast corner of University and San Pablo avenues. That all debts owing by said firm will be paid by Edward Brennen.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our names and seals, this 19th day of April, 1895.
ED. BRENNEN.
HUGH McDONALD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of April 1895.

GEORGE SCHMIDT,
Notary Public in and for Alameda County, State of California, ap 19 1 m

NOTICE.

Dissolution of Partnership.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given the partnership heretofore existing between R. L. Agers and John J. K. Kough under the firm name and style of R. L. Agers & Co., near the corner of Dwight way & Telegraph avenue, in the Town of Berkeley, Alameda County, California, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All bills payable and receivable will be attended to at the former place of business of said firm.

Dated Berkeley, April 1, 1895.

KANSAS CITY GHOSTS

FAMOUS SPOOKS OF THE TOWN ON THE BIG MUDDY.

The Original Ghost Is From a Case of Fraude—How the Santa Fe Spook Was Laid—How a Man With the "Jimjama" Stirred Up a Jail Full of Criminals.

It may be true that conscience makes cowards of us all, but with the ignorant and superstitious conscience is not a circumstance when compared to a vivid imagination. The greatest coward on earth is the person who sees in every dark shadow, in each deserted house and around every dismal building the restless spirit of some departed sinner whose crimes will not allow him to enter heaven, who is doomed to wander around this earth until Gabriel's trumpet is sounded, who must hover near the scene of his former misdeeds until the last day.

The place by popular consent most adapted to ghost wanderings and the place most fruitful in the production of the bona fide article is naturally the graveyard. The drearier, gloomier and more mournful the aspect of the graveyard the more ghosts. But the real believer in spooks and spirits does not deem it necessary to go among the tombs and graves of the dead to find a spirit.

Ghosts are numerous. They can be found in all sections of the country. There is not a village nor a deserted country house nor a railroad bridge but has its ghost. But the ghosts are not all confined to the country by any means. There have been several in Kansas City that have gained extensive notoriety on account of their many visitations, and the parts of the city in which they are wont to disport themselves are still eyed with suspicion and looked upon askance by the inhabitants of Belvidere Hollow, Hick's Hollow and other portions of the city thickly settled by the descendants of Ham.

The oldest, the original ghost that is most vividly in the memory of the superstitious and is most often the topic of gruesome whispers among the people mentioned, walked the levee between Main street and Broadway 12 years ago. One winter's night, the story goes, a man was lying in wait for an enemy on the levee. In his hand he clutched a ponderous double barreled shotgun loaded with nails and slugs. He saw a man walking down the levee. In the dim, flickering light he thought he recognized his enemy. He raised his gun, fired and hurried away. The next day he read in the papers that his brother's body had been found on the levee, horribly mangled and torn. The murderer winced, but kept his secret. Then the dead brother's ghost began to walk. Every night, at the same hour of the shooting, it could be seen on the levee. Each time it would walk straight to the spot where the body had fallen. Then the ghost would fall, go through a death struggle and disappear. It kept this up for years, and there are those who say it does it still.

The second healthy, well developed ghost disported itself in the ruins of the old Santa Fe Stage Coach company's office at Second and Main streets in 1886. So generally known did it become that often large crowds would congregate and await the appearance of the nocturnal visitor. Early one evening a young man who wished to investigate a little went into the ruins. When he emerged from them an hour later, he found a large crowd standing on the opposite side of the street, near the jail, watching for ghosts. Some one in the crowd, thinking that the young man had been playing ghost, threw a brick at the investigator, striking him on the head. He fell senseless with a gaping wound in his head. The Santa Fe ghost has not been seen since.

In 1887 there was a story afloat that at 12 o'clock each night a ghostly cable train glided down the incline between Walnut and Main streets and disappeared into space. In the grip car, guiding the train, was the ghost of a gripman who had died a short time before, after having been insane for some time, the result of grief over the fact that his train had run down and killed a pedestrian. Crowds congregated at the junction nightly to see the strange sight. For the most part they went away disappointed, although there was plenty who declared they had seen "it."

Another story, in which a ghost was never seen, but which smacked strongly of spooks, was the Conway murder on East Eighteenth street, between Oak and Locust, in 1885. Mrs. Conway, a young woman, and her little girl were beaten to death with a coupling pin. The murderer or murderers were never caught. Suspicion pointed toward two men, but there was no evidence. Both of them afterward died horrible deaths—one of the glanders and the other of cancer. The ghost of the victims never walked openly, but that section of the city was given a wide berth by the true believers for many months afterward.

Last, but not least, were the ghosts of Clark and Jones, the men hung for murdering Mme. Wright in 1893. These ghosts materialized in the jails, one at Independence and one in Kansas City. The scare lasted for some weeks, and the negro prisoners were thrown into a state of terror by any strange sounds. One night, when the jail was in a state of comparative quiet, a drunken prisoner, who had just been brought in, had an attack of "jimjama." By some strange coincidence he was placed in the cell once occupied by Clark, and the prisoners soon located the groaning of the unfortunate man. The negroes, not knowing that the cell was occupied, supposed that the noise was made by a departed spirit, and all started to howling with the "ghost." The effect was something that can be imagined better than it can be described. Since the Clark ghost left the jail Kansas City has been bereft of spirits, and Belvidere Hollow is breathing more easily than it has for years. —Kansas City Times.

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THE KODAK CAN LIE.

For Instance, It Can Transform a Small Fish Into a Big One.

The amateur photographer who is also an angler is well aware that his camera will back him up when boasting of his piscatorial prowess. One photo I saw represented a huge fish, the length of which appeared to equal that of a 2 foot rule, which was also shown. In reality the "take" was a little dace, or carp, and while being photographed it had been held very close to the lens. The rule, of course, was taken some distance away.

One of my authorities was once engaged by both sides in a law case. A company, which I will call the City Lands Improvement company, wanted to abolish a certain court leading from Lombard street to King William street and were willing to establish in its stead a passage through one of their own buildings. The company's plea was that the court was a dingy, not to say dirty, one, and, furthermore, that it was haunted by loafers of questionable character. Counsel for the other side, representing merchants having offices in the court, stoutly maintained that the passage was well lighted and eminently respectable. Photographs were handed in from both sides. The first photo showed a narrow, dreary looking alley, strewn with rubbish and fallen hoarding. The other picture, however, showed the court in dispute to be a fairly broad, well lighted city thoroughfare, frequented by merchants of thriving appearance. These photographs were taken for the house of lords committee, but the matter was amicably settled.

Here is another case: The Shuttle Machine company vacated their premises in Cheapside, and another sewing machine dealer moved in. In order to trade upon the established reputation of the company the second tenant left the old name on the windows and over the door, but added the word "late" in very minute characters for his own protection. The Shuttle company waxed wroth, brought an action and engaged a photographer to take a view of the offending shop front from a tailor's window opposite. When this photograph was produced in court, it was handed to the presiding judge with a powerful glass, whereupon his lordship was able to perceive that what appeared to the eye to be a mere ornamental dash was in reality the protecting word "late." The photographer himself, by the way, was not aware of this. The aggrieved sewing machine company secured an injunction. —Strand Magazine.

KILLED BY THEIR ARMOR.

It Weighed Too Much For the Stoutest Russian Soldiers.

One of the interesting features of the late czar's funeral was, as usual, the two men clad in mediæval armor, one on horseback and the other on foot.

The mounted knight had his visor open, and his armor was of burnished gold, which glittered in the sun. He symbolized life.

The other was on foot. His armor was coal black steel. His visor was closed, and in his hand he bore a drawn two handed sword, the blade of which was shrouded in crape. He symbolized death.

The weight of these two suits of armor is so great that, notwithstanding the most gigantic men of the imperial guard being selected to don them, the one on foot who officiated at the obsequies of Emperor Nicholas I fell dead from exhaustion on reaching the church of SS. Peter and Paul, where the imperial mausoleum is situated. While at the funeral of Alexander II the black knight fainted during the march from the Winter palace to the place of interment and was carried to the hospital, where he died the same night.

A similar fate overtook the black knight at the recent czar's funeral. It was observed that he could scarcely drag himself along during the latter part of the procession through the capital, and on reaching the fortress he sank unconscious to the ground and has since died. —New York Advertiser.

The Tallahassee Madstone.

The most famous southern madstone belongs in the family of ex-Governor Walker of Tallahassee, Fla. The stone was presented to the governor several years ago by the person who took it from the stomach of a deer. The valuable little concretion is oblong in shape, about 1½ inches in length and of a bluish gray color. One end tapers to a blunt point; the other is flattened and has an aperture through which the spongy, porous interior may be plainly seen. When in use, the opening is applied directly over the wound, and the pithy substance which forms the interior of the stone is supposed to "suck out" and absorb the poisonous venom, whether injected by a deadly serpent or a rabid dog. Persons who have seen the stone applied declare that it adhered firmly to the wound as long as there was a particle of venom in the system. —St. Louis Republic.

Alpaca For Traveling Gowns.

Silk alpaca is a fabric much in favor at present. It bears but little resemblance to the material known by that name some years ago. This season alpaca is shown in all the new colors and in a variety of charming patterns. It is a pliable material, graceful and serviceable and one especially suited for a traveling gown. It sheds the dust and sores wrinkles. —New York News.

One True Admirer.

"Mr. Timmins," said the old fashioned girl, "I hope you are not an admirer of the new woman."

"Oh, but I am," confessed Timmins. "She is good for at least three jokes and a poem every week." —Indianapolis Journal.

Discouraging to Forestry.

A rifle that will go through 24 inches of oak and a human body at 1,500 yards, such as the new army rifle will do, destroys the previously existing high premium on trees in time of battle. —Rochester Union and Advertiser.

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